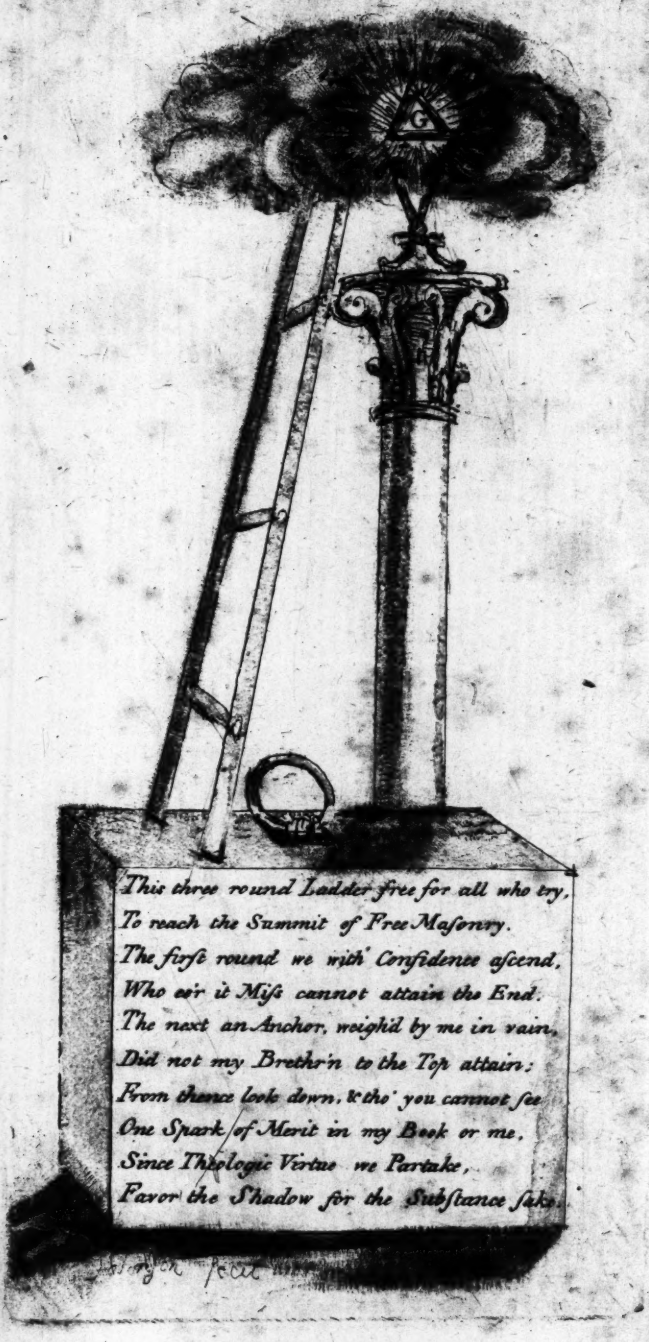
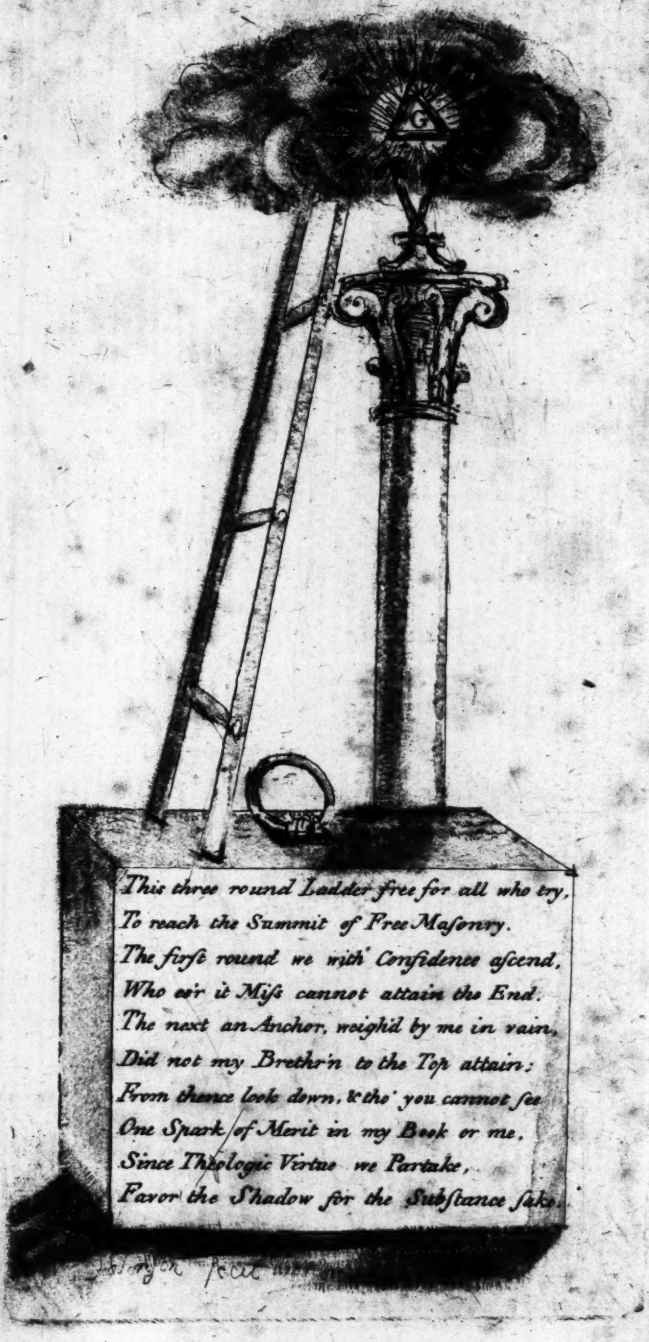

This three round Ladder free for all who try,
To reach the Summit of Free Masonry.
The first round we with' Confidence ascend,
Who e'r it Miss cannot attain the End.
The next an Anchor, weighid by me in vain,
Did not my Brethr'n to the Top attain:
From thence look down, tho' you cannot see
One Spark of Merit in my Book or me,
Since Theologic Virtue we Partake,
Favor the Shadow for the Substance sake.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No. I,

UMMER PRODUCTIONS;

OR,

PROGRESSIVE MISCELLANIES.

BY

THOMAS JOHNSON,

CLERK of Charlotte-Street Chapel, Pimlico,

TYLER to the *Grand Lodge* of *England*,

AND

NIOR JANITOR to the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter.*

"Wit, like Beauty triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's ſeen, and leſs of Art."

Prior.

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[Price ONE SHILLING.]

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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16

AN

INTRODUCTORY POEM

I.

THIS little Book means no Offence,
Compil'd to repay a few Pence,
Spent in laſt Summer's Seaſon;
A Time when all my Lodges cloſe,
I hope no one will it oppoſe,
Or thwart ſo good a Reaſon.

II.

The Ant in Summer doth provide
Her ſtore, that ſhe may be ſupply'd,
In ſtormy Winter Weather;
But Tylers trudge in Wind and Rain,
A Summer's Dearth for to ſuſtain,
When they've no Fruits to gather.

III.

Thus like the Bees that Gardens roam,
And bring the ſweets for Honey home,
For others ſtore they Hive:
Not like the lazy idle Drone,
That ſcarce provides for ſelf alone,
I toil for four or five.

IV. Th

IV.

The Induſtry of the Ant and Bee,
This Book exemplifies in me,
Employ'd my Summer Hours:
Shine on my Muſe Maſonic Light,
Diſpel the dreary Shades of Night,
That cheering Ray is Yours.

V.

As melting Snow from the Houſe-top,
Thaw'd by the Sun, falls Drop by Drop,
And makes a Tub run o'er;
This little Pamphlet bought by You,
Will with a Brother reckon two,
And two and two make four.

VI.

Progreſſively thus every little
Adds to the Heap that makes a mickle,
As Miſers hoard their Pence:
But Hiram's Sons when caſh was ſcant,
Gain'd by their Poverty a Plant,
Whence ſprings Benevolence.

VII.

Benevolence! Maſonic Fruit!
Has in our Lodges taken Root,
Heaven ſpread the bleſt Infuſion:
If too much freedom here I uſe,
Forgive me Sirs and blame my Muſe,
But pardon this Intruſion.

A PAN-

A

PANEGYRICAL POEM.

On his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales *being made a* Free and Accepted Maſon.

"AWAKE my Muſe, and leave all meaner Things,"
A theme demands thee, great as Sons of Kings.
Oh! for a Spark from the Parnaſſian Clime!
Then like my Nameſake* would I ſoar in Rhyme;
Like Shakeſpear's Richard, ſwell—my Zeal ſo full,
To ſtretch the very Sinews of my Soul;
Whilſt Maſters, Wardens, Brethren all unite,
To ſound Applauſe, enraptur'd with Delight;
I humbly offer a poor Tyler's Mite.

From Eaſt to Weſt, let Fame her Trumpet ſound,
How Royalty has Britiſh Maſons crown'd
Search the wide Globe, ye Sons of Hiram's Race
Such Honour does no other Iſland Grace.
Did Feats in Arms Maſonic Glories bring,
Brethren might quote a Hero—Pruſſia's King;
But Maſons rather would the Olive keep,
Then gain a laurel by a ſlaughter'd Heap.
Princes have Lodges grac'd on foreign Shore,
None like our Britain e'er could boaſt of Four.
A *Frederick*† great, tho' not a Briton born,
Parental Prince, our Order did adorn;

* Ben Johnſon. † His Majeſty's Father.

Now

Now *Glouceſter*'s Duke of amiable Renown;
Maſons their *Cumberland* Grand Maſter own;
With *Henry* brave—the mighty Neptune's Son;
And laſt—ſure proof how much our Fame prevails,
The Royal Heir—a *George*—illuſtrious PRINCE of WALES.

AN AGROSTICK.

On ſeeing a Brother (an Officer) playing at Fives in the King's Bench Priſon.

IN Days of yore, as ancient Records tell,
OUr Sports were Manly, Britons bore the belle.
HOw are the mighty fall'n, the reaſon why
NO longer doubt, hark! hear the Priſoners cry.

MArs hearing ſhouts peep'd o'er the King's-Bench Wall,
AND ſeeing a Captain play at Racket-Ball;
ROus'd and amaz'd he to Britannia ſent,
TO free a Soldier from Impriſonment:
YOn Officer, ſays he, would grace a Shield;
RElеaſe my Son, let Children Rackets wield.

A MASONIC

A

MASONIC POEM.

On his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York *being made a* Maſon.

I.

FOUR BRITISH Princes, have our Order bleſt,
And now a FIFTH! is added to the reſt;
As the FIVE ORDERS, firmly may they ſtand,
Like Pillars rear'd by an Almighty Hand!
As TUSCAN ſolid, and as DORIC ſtrong,
With every grace that to the reſt belong.

II.

GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND, lay aſide the Name;
A greater TITLE now demands your Claim;
Let Fame announce it far as Egypt's Nile,
The WORLD'S GRAND LODGE, held in BRITANNIA'S ISLE;
Be that thy Name! who to deny it dare?
A PRINCE! a BRITISH LEWIS! fills your Chair;
Whilſt Hope looks forward to a Princely Race,
Of ROYAL PILLARS to ſucceed his Place.

III.

On Wiſdom's Baſis, may they long endure;
By them ſupported; MASONS reſt ſecure.
And when OLD TIME ſhall pull thoſe Pillars down,
Great ARCHITECT Supreme! rebuild thine own
And CAP each SHAFT with an IMMORTAL CROWN.

IV. Non

IV.

Non nobis Domine, let Maſons ſing,
Et nomini tuo, each greatful Tribute bring.

An ACROSTICK.

On a Brother in the King's-Bench Priſon, eſteem'd as a very Senſible Man.

WISDOM thou precious Gem, by all ador'd,
In City, Country, Peaſant, or my Lord;
Loſt thou'rt by many, but by few art found;
Like hidden Treaſure, buried in the Ground:
I 'll for Thee ſeek, hopeing one Day to find,
A Pearl ſo brilliant to adorn the Mind;
More valuable than Gold to deck Mankind.

Seeking Wiſdom, a merry Toping Blade,
Told me at th'bottom of the Bowl ſhe lay'd;
Oft there I ſought, but could not find the Maid;
Now in a Priſon, penſive, and forlorn,
Enrich'd I found her, ſparkling in a Stone.

On the Death of Brother MOODY, *Senior, eſteem'd an Excellent Maſon.*

OH, Death! thou piercer of the Human Heart,
Could not a Gibilin eſcape thy Dart!
One, who in Maſonry had ſoar'd ſo high,
Few were his equals left below the Sky:
To ſpeak his Praiſe, 'twere vain for me to attempt,
His Name alone's a laſting Monument.
His Speculation now he's gone to prove,
With H**** A. B. in the Grand Lodge above.

An ACROSTICK.

On seeing the Portrait of James ———, *Esq.*
Painted by the Rev. Mr. Peters.

H AIL Peters! who to Art has Nature join'd,
E xpreſs'd by Tints a Semblance of the Mind;
S o Kneller painted, and from him we ſee
E xcelling Graces here improv'd by Thee:
L ike Titian, Light and Shade ſo blended are,
T hought on the Canvaſs ſeems for to appear;
I n the Reſemblance thou ſucceed'ſt ſo well,
N othing is wanting, but a Tongue to tell
E ach Virtue that compleats th'Original.

An ACROSTICK.

On the Death of a Brother, late Keeper of the Green-Park-Gate, Hyde-Park-Corner.

W HY mourn to hear a Brother or a Friend,
A rrive before us at Life's Journeys end.
T he World's a Park, Life the entrance Gate,
K ept by Old Time, and open to our Fate:
I n Life's intricate Paths, O, Lord! we ſee,
N o Friendly Gate* but that which leads to thee;
S hut us not out when Death ſhall turn the Key.

* Matt. vii. 13, 14.

An ACROSTICK.

On the Death of a Brother, late of the Somerſet-Houſe Lodge.

R ESCU'D from Pain, and all the anxious Cares
E ach Day produces, and each Boſom ſhares;
D eath's fatal Dart not e'en a Brother ſpares.
M uch we regret, but yet we murmur not,
O ur Loſs will be his Gain, his Fate our Lot:
N o ſhuffling will avail us in that Day,
D eath is a Summons we muſt all obey.

S weet was the Pipe, when Simpſon* blew the Reed,
I nchanting Sounds few equal'd, none exceed;
M uſic was in his Touch, with graceful Art;
P eaceful his Temper, Benevolent his Heart:
S incere in Friendſhip, generous and good,
O n true Maſonic Baſis long he ſtood,
N ature at length, reſign'd him to his God.

E ach Day we live calls forth Maſonic Powers,
S hort are our Lives, uncertain Days or Hours:
Q uit of this Mortal Fleſh, in Earth we lie,
U ntil we riſe to Immortallity.
I n Time let it be our inceſſant Care,
R ightly to uſe the Plumb-Rule, and the Square
E 'er Death doth Level us with that we are.

* An Eminent Player on the Hautboy.

On

On the Death of Rowland Hol, *Esq. late Deputy Grand Master.*

MOURN! Brethren mourn! your Deputy's no more;
He's paid his Debt, whilst we run up a Score:
Death would not be kept out by Lock, or Bolt,
He grasp'd our Master and would not quit his HOLT.*

On the Death of Brother Joseph Burton, *late a respectable Vocal Bass Performer, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.*

ON Olympus' high Hill 'twas propos'd by young Clio,
To make the Gods merry by singing a Trio;
Apollo perceiving they wanted a Bass,
Sent for *Joe Burton*, to fill up the Space.

An EPIGRAM.

MAN made of Earth often moistens his Clay,
His Life's like a Candle that melteth away;
In Prime, and in Health, Young, Lusty and Stout,
Time oft Snuffs the Candle, but Death puts it out.

* Quit his hold is not meant, but HOLT the Man.

WESTMIN-

ESTMINSTER ABBEY,

A MASONIC POEM.

USING amidſt thoſe Manſions of the Dead,
Where Fame my wand'ring Fancy oft has led;
en with Reverence view'd the ſacred Pile;
Gothick Vaulted-Roof that caps each Iſle,
ere lie entom'd, each Monument declares,
gs, Princes, Heroes, Stateſmen, Poets, Players:
ſicians, Reverend Prelates too here lie,
nch'd out of Time into Eternity.
s, Side by Side, doom'd to the Silent Grave,
Young and Old, the Monarch and the Slave.
e Operative Maſonry endows
Speculative Siſter, who beſtows
her Maſonic Sons, bound to the Eaſt,
for the Mind, and ſpreads a glorious Feaſt.
oic Verſe and Breathleſs Stones reveal
Poets Merit, and the Sculptors Skill:
k here with me, and then with me you'll own,
lminſter-Abbey ſtands "itſelf alone."

Powers Divine! aſſiſt my Muſe to ſing,
common Fate of Beggar and of King:
from one Mother came, one common Clay,
n'd to return and wait the Judgment Day.

The ſilent Grave, tow'rd which we haſt'ning go
Admits the Patriot, and the Courtier too:
All jarring there is ceas'd, no Party forms
Deviſe, to ſtop their Reptile Foes the Worms;
There, Kings no more diſturb'd by Wars Alarm
And Valiant Heroes have laid down their Arms
No branded Weapons glitter in their Hands,
The Man is looſen'd from his Mortal Bands;
The Prince no more unjuſtly craves a Crown,
Nor Poet claims a Merit not his own:
Stateſmen no more the Peoples Heads amuſe,
To gain a Penſion, or a Country loſe;
No Son-in-Law purſues his Father's Life;
Nor Huſband for a Harlot leaves his Wife;
Phyſicians with their Patients here muſt rot,
Preſcription here's not worth a ſingle jot;
The Reverend Doctors too depriv'd of Senſe,
Reſign'd their Livings with their Eloquence;
Nor could the Bluſt'ring Players baffle Death,
They ceas'd from ranting when they loſt the
Breath:
Thoſe fancied Kings, no more in Buſkins tread
Their Crowns are ſeiz'd, their Royalty is fled
But whither went their Souls, let thoſe relate,
Who ſearch the ſecrets of a future State.
If all the diſmal Tales which Poets tell,
Were verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell,
Then Death would nothing be, not even Fear

be we know not what, we know not where.
'hat undiſcover'd Country from whoſe Bourn,
wearied Traveller ever did return,
zzles the Will," and makes us rather bear
e Ills we have, then thoſe we know not are;
us fear to loſe what a ſmall Time muſt waſte,
d Life itſelf grows the Diſeaſe at laſt:
ſigning then, what we can not retain;
Hope a future Happineſs to gain.

Hope! what art thou? a Bubble light as Air,
thee alone my Soul ſhall claim no ſhare;
cu, at a diſtant Proſpect feeds the Sight,
y dawning Rays diſpel the Shades of Night,
r look the Vale which at a diſtance lies,
e one who only travels with his Eyes.
Hope the greater part of Men are blind;
us moſt ſeek Happineſs where few it find:
ely to Hope, alas! what can ſhe do,
thout her Anchor, and her Cable too?
e Ship that's toſt by fell tempeſtuous Wind,
r Cable ſlipt, her Anchor left behind,
ould find as ſmall Relief from barren Hope,
Souls by Abſolution from the Pope:
ſoon might gilt Eſcutcheons round a Hearſe,
pompuous Praiſes in the Poet's Verſe;
elegant Deſigns in Sculptur'd Stone,
re us Happineſs, as Hope alone:

But when true Faith ſhe for her Anchor takes,
And genuine Charity her Cable makes,
The Soul in ſafety rides, Hope's her eſcort,
God is her Pilot, to ſteer her into Port.

Bleſt is the Man who free Maſonic Rules
Has learn'd betimes, and well employ'd his Tools:
Theſe awful Scenes of Operative Art,
By Speculation reaching to the Heart,
Call on our Brethren to be well aware
How they miſuſe the Plumb-Rule and the Square
True Faith when join'd by fervent Charity,
Like Jacob's Ladder reacheth to the Sky:
Hope then will prove our wiſe Grand-Maſter's Token,
A Three-fold Cord cannot be eaſy broken.*
Thus uſing right our Lodges Furniture
Will teach us how to find a Paſſage ſure,
To thoſe bright Realms of Bliſs, that Lodge above,
Where all is Joy, Peace, Harmony and Love.

But, ſtop my Muſe, nor hurry on ſo faſt,
The Cobler ſhould not go beyond his laſt:
Offence may come where nought but good's deſign'd
Not meant to teach, but only to remind:

* Eccle. iv. 10.

't's true, I ramble from my firſt Intention,
Which was to ſhew the Genius of Invention;
What good Inſtructions we from Operation,
View thro' the Glaſs of Maſons Speculation.
The ſmooth tranſparent Stream which gently flows,
Reflects each Flower that on th'Border grows;
But my Reflections like a flying Cloud,
Thoughts over-run each other in the Crowd;
Contrary-meeting, mingling they oppreſs,
And lull the Senſes in Forgetfulneſs;
As from a Dream, bewilder'd I awake,
And only ſtammer when I mean to ſpeak.

But tho' my Muſe has rambled from her Theme,
Starting by Fits from her propoſed Scheme;
As trifling Crannies by the River Side,
When fill'd with Water by the flowing Tide,
At farther diſtance to the River run,
Or with the Ebb doth back again return;
So, my dull Muſe too fearful far to ſtray,
Returns again leſt ſhe ſhould loſe her Way;
Attempts to point out to our Brethrens View,
Where Merit loudly claims the Sculptor's Due;
Again reviſits the ſtupendious Pile,
Where Genius ſits conſpicuous in each Iſle;
Where Elegance attracts the ſkilful Eye,
And breathleſs Stones preach Immortality:

Newton* and Stanhope* equally may claim
The Honour to preſerve a *Ryſbrack's* Name;
We will not ſay theſe have the laurel won,
Nor dare we ſay they yet have been out-done,
But ſuch the Frailty is of human Kind,
We toil for Fame, which few Men lives to find.

But, ſoft my Muſe, and gently tread the Iſle,
Where Eloquence proclaims, here lies Argyle;†
Fame o'er his Head his Titles has inſcrib'd,
But who can ſpeak the Virtues he imbib'd!
He, to Diſtreſs, a willing Ear would lend,
An Honeſt Patriot, and a generous Friend;
Here, *Roubilliac*, for Taſte and grand Deſign,
Beſpeaks a Genius noble and divine:
Fleming,† and Wade,† may with each other vie,
And Warren† may attract the ſkilful Eye;
But when retir'd to that dark Cave of Death,
Still as was Chaos before Motions Breath;
That black abode where diſmal Horrors dwell;
Where Death is ſtarting from his gloomy Cell;
Where Nightingale† would puſh the Dart aſide,
Aim'd by the Arm of Death, to ſlay his Bride;
We, with Aſtoniſhment, admire the Plan,
That almoſt ſpeaks the Artiſt more than Man:
But, oh! ye Connoiſſeurs now leave Argyle,
Leave Fleming, Wade, and Warren for a while;

* Monuments Carved by Ryſbrack. † Ditto by Roubilliac.

E'en

Nightingale to Hargrave† muſt give way,
ſtamps the Sculptor, Hero of his Day.
hat depth of Thought; What Genius here doth ſhine!
ity throughout the whole Deſign!
Arch-Angels Trumpet ſhakes the trembling Ground;
Dead, ſurpriz'd, awaken at the Sound;
ſtartled Hargrave riſes from his Tomb,
Grave muſt now reſign him to his Doom;
ſtance, view large Buildings tumbling o'er,
fall to Ruin never to riſe more;
o deſcribe a ſubject more Divine,
nflict's introduc'd 'twixt Death and Time;
King of Terrors now has loſt his Crown,
h from his Head to Earth is tumbling down;
nds it here, ſee Death has got a Fall;
Time, triumphant, ſeems to have Conquer'd all:
ſtill to heighten with a bolder Stroke,
s his Knee, Time has Death's Arrow broke.
give (tho' for the Fair Sex) a Digreſſion,
ſofter Wax the ſooneſt takes Impreſſion;
ſhews to all how ſwift his Glaſs doth run,
Summer's Day will have a Setting-Sun.
ading Beauty, like a gaudy Flower,
yield to him, none can reſiſt his Power.

Mortal,

Mortal, who e'er thou art, now in thy Prime,
Improve each Day, or elſe beware of Time.
Miſers, tho' Cent. per Cent. in heaps do lie,
He'll not be brib'd you can't one Moment buy;
Implicitly all Things doth him obey,
And Monarchs own his univarſal ſway:
Not even he who takes each Mortals Breath
Can Time ſubdue, 'tis he who conquers Death;
Seize now his Forelock, or repent in Sorrow,
The preſent Day is ours, there's no tomorrow.

But to return. Shall we from this infer
That Time ſhall long remain a Conqueror,
No! *Roubilliac* doth a different Doctrine teach,
His ſtrong Ideas make the Stones to Preach!
No meagre Figure here is repreſented
With fleeting Wings, as oft we ſee him painted;
Time's here robuſt, as if to fulneſs come,
His Beard full grown, his Wings to ſtumps are
worn:
This Victory gain'd, we read his conqueſt o'er
An Angel ſwears that "Time ſhall be no more:"
And who a Moment can inſure his Breath,
E'er he's reſign'd into the Arms of Death?
From hence let us conſider, and be wiſe
In Time, leaſt Death too ſoon ſhould us ſurpriſe
That, with his Dart, he may no Terror bring,
Whilſt we have ſtrength, let us pluck out his
ſting.

The

ese Figures as a Mirror plainly show,
e uncertainty of all Things here below;
t we from Earth, may our affections move,
d place them on more glorious Things above.

ut to conclude, let us not tamely own,
t Foreigners, so great in Sculptor'd Stone,
ve from Britannia's Sons the laurel won;
ll Britons, who, in every Sister Art,
y claim an equal, if not superior part?
France tho' *Voltaire* blew the Trump of Fame,
tain did louder sound a *Shakespear*'s Name;
him alone, she claims a larger scope,
Milton, *Dryden*, *Prior*, and a *Pope*.
true, in Musick's Science it's confest,
German Genius soar'd above the rest;
know, before you foreign Triumph sing,
Handel was subject to Old England's King:
d tho' his Body in the Grave doth rest,
Spirit still survives in *Arnold*'s Breast:
s as a Truth, I will be bold to tell,
as *Handel*'s Spirit wrote the Prodigal:*
er Ages wide will spread its Fame,
nting from *Handel* nothing but his Name.
ere shall we find to touch the Organ Keys,
reater Master than the fam'd Dupuis?†

* Oratorio of the Prodigal Son, Composed by Dr. Arnold.
† Thomas Saunders Dupuis, Esq. Organist to his Majesty, and to Charlotte-Street Chapel, Pimlico.

To

To ſound the Trumpet, and Double-Baſſoon,
Sarjant and *Aſhley*, are excell'd by none.
What Foreigner with *Harriſon* compares?
Whoſe Taſte and Judgment far ſurpaſs his Y
As for Italians we'll not reckon them,
They've Human Shapes, but can't be coun
Men.
For Grand Performance, ſearch the World'
Annals o'er,
As in our Abbey ne'er heard before:
A Band for Great and Good, which celebr
Its Fame for Ages, led by a Britiſh *Bates*,
Who with an Engliſh *Newton* e'er could vie,
Who brought to light the ſecrets of the Sky
And for the Sock and Buſkin, who can trac
A *Garrick*'s equal in a Foreign Race?
And who dare ſay the Laurel's due alone,
To Foreigners who ſhine in Sculptur'd Ston
Genius cries No! for who can Chatham* vie
And not proclaim the Palm a Briton's due;
Here we, ſays Juſtice, muſt the Laurel give
Roubilliac, and *Rysbrack*, both in *Bacon* live.

* Lord Chatham's Monument, Carved by —— Bacon,
Berners-Street, near Middleſex-Hoſpital.

F I N I S.